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PENNYN CLIFFORD RESCUED FROM DEATH BY PRINCE POTHEMIN.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER XXII.—RUSSIAN SPORTS.

COVERED with snow and bound up in ice through the greater part of the year, the country north-
No. 220, 1856.

ward of the Russian capital presented, at the time of which we write, as it still presents, a scene of loneliness difficult to be realized by any one unacquainted with the aspect of lands in the frigid zone; and no efforts had been made to soften

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down the repulsive and gloomy features of what might not unaptly have been termed "a waste howling wilderness." Within a few versts, if not furlongs, of the city, a solitary stranger would have found it hard to believe that he was not shut out, by the intervention of hundreds of miles, from all human society, and the probability of human aid. Dark forests of stunted pines, and thickets of alders, stretched far and wide over innumerable miles of sterile soil, only interspersed with stagnant marshes, partially concealed by beds of tall reeds; and the dreary prospect, unvaried by visible inequalities of ground, to say nothing of precipitous heights and picturesque valleys like those of the not far distant Norway, was suggestive only of perpetual desolation, similar to that predicted concerning another land, of which it is said, "From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever: but the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it; and He shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness."

On the outskirts of this gloomy tract, indeed, might be heard, at times, the sharp fall of the woodman's axe, and seen the thick lurid smoke hanging sluggishly over his blazing fire; but these sights and sounds soon ceased; and beyond them, in the gloomier depths of the wilderness, no evidence could ordinarily be discovered that the footsteps of man had ever trodden there.

Nevertheless, the region of solitude was not entirely uninhabited; and the current of our story bears us onward to a primitive hut—primitive, we mean, in its construction; and sufficiently wretched in its appearance and appliances—raised on the shelving bank, if bank that could be called which seemed to rise scarcely above the dead level of a broad lagoon, surrounded by thickets of native willows, and rank but now dry and brittle reeds. The time was morning; and drawn up by the side of the hut were two or three rough sledges; while in an adjoining shed, whose walls and roof and even its frail door were composed of reeds, were stabled the horses, which, threading the intricacies of the wilderness, had drawn them thither.

The hut also was, at this time, vocal with joyous and eager voices. Entering, we find ourselves in the midst of a group of our own countrymen, in rough and wintry costume, including fur caps and thick high boots, evidently prepared for active service. A bright large fire of rough wood is burning in the middle of the floor, the smoke from which escapes through a hole in the reed roof, in lieu of a chimney; and around which are stretched some half dozen dogs. Guns, with clouded barrels and bright locks and polished stocks, are leaning against the wall; and slung across the shoulder of each man is an ample shot-belt.

The party assembled on this occasion was engaged in the business of eating and drinking. The rough bench, around which they are seated on rougher substitutes for chairs, is plentifully loaded with broiled venison steaks, cold roasted fowls, and dark-coloured loaves. Of wooden trenchers each man has one, and a serviceable knife also; but forks are scarce: so also are drinking cups, though a strong yet delicate aroma of wonderfully

fine tea fills the hut: a common horn or two, passed from guest to guest, does duty for all.

The hut is bare of conveniences, to say nothing of adornments. The walls are innocent of plaster or wash, instead of which, the interstices between the logs and reeds, of which they are jointly composed, are crammed with dry moss; a heap of reeds and frowzy hay in one corner, covered over with two or three still more frowzy sheep-skins, indicates the lair of the hut's owner, who at this time is dutifully and submissively waiting on his patrons. One ornament, however, if ornament it can be called, is visible on the mossy wall of this "lodge in the vast wilderness;" it is a hideously daubed picture of some female saint: its owner calls this picture his *bohgy*, his little god. But what he means, or what precise ideas of his *bohgy* he forms, when he kneels before it and mutters his devotions, and when he burns splinters of pine, or, on rare occasions, fatty candles, before it, is more than he could explain. Dark and benighted and ignorant is the poor forester's soul. His chief religious concern is to keep long and thick his ample black beard, that on it, after his death, the good angel may lay a strong grip, and thereby lift him bodily into paradise. Such is Russian superstition. We smile at its folly; but has our own superior knowledge made us much better? In the book of books, reader, of which this poor *moojik* was profoundly ignorant, are words uttered by the great Master himself, to which you and I shall do well to take heed: "And that servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required; and to whom men have committed much, of him they will ask the more."

The poor forester himself is a broad-shouldered, muscular man, of short stature, bearing a flat, Finnish, good-humoured countenance. The wilderness is his home: and his ordinary occupation is that of supplying game to the markets of St. Petersburg. It is more gainful, however, to him to wait on his English patrons, when idleness, or longing for adventure, or natural love of field sports, or any other reasons, combine with clear frosty days and moonlight nights to drive them helter-skelter from the ovenish atmosphere of stove-warmed drawing-rooms, from dressing-gowns and luxurious slippers, from the froth and foam of fashionable life, or the comforts of domestic and social life, as the case may be—into these dismal wilds, with guns on shoulders and game bags slung at their sides. Already, the well-pleased *moojik*, who knows his patrons, and has guided them from the city, fancies he hears the music of many silver roubles clinking in his fox-skin purse, as the reward of his services.

Some of the sportsmen are old hands at the work, and old acquaintances of the forester; and they, as a matter of course, take the lead in the expedition. They prepared the sledges, examined the condition of the guns, borrowed dogs of their English friends in St. Petersburg, if they had none of their own, and saw to the laying in of horse-food and man-food. The party left the

habitations of men yesterday afternoon, travelled onward by moonlight, arrived at the forester's hut some hours ago, threw themselves on the floor wrapped in blankets, which they took care to bring with them, and which are now deposited in another corner of the hut, as far as possible from the honest forester's bed, and are now ready to gratify their slaughtering propensities; for while we have busied ourselves in this brief explanation, broiled venison steaks have vanished, and plump cold roast fowls have been reduced to woe-begone and disjointed skeletons, which have also rapidly disappeared beneath the united efforts of the dogs at their feet.

If at any time the dreary, miasmatic, agueish, marshy stretch of country we have endeavoured briefly to describe, is less dreary, miasmatic, and agueish, than at another, it is when, in the depth of winter, its barrenness and deformity are veiled beneath a covering of hard frozen snow, its marshes, waterpools, fens, lagoons—call them what you will—covered with thick-ribbed ice, and the branches of its gloomy thickets and wide forests fringed with icicles, and bending beneath their weight. To Penrhyn Clifford, the novelty of the scenes around him, and the excitement of rapid bodily exercise, as the party scattered themselves over the wide preserve; the occasional shouts which rang shrill and clear through the air; the crisp rustling of the snow beneath his feet; the dislodgement of innumerable icicles in thick glittering showers, as he pushed his way through the bush; the frequent report of guns, which woke the echoes of the surrounding forest, or rattled across the lagoon; the shrieks of wild fowl, which, roused from their shelter in the reeds of their native fen, rose slowly in the air in flocks, wheeled round and round till their sharp-sighted eyes fell on their persecutors, and then took flight to securer retreats and deeper solitudes; the rapid startling of hares and the smaller quadrupeds from their lairs, as he passed along; the laughter of his companions, contrasted with the business-like silence of their four-footed assistants; the good-humoured industry of the forester, who gathered the spoils, and slung them around his waist, from his shoulders, anywhere, till he seemed all feather and fur;—all this, we say, contributed to the enjoyment of our hero. We must also confess that, at the same time, the thought struck him that man is never smaller, intellectually, than when employed in the destruction of life. He put away the thought, however, and for that time escaped the reflections to which it might have given rise. In the buoyancy of youth, he had accepted the invitation of some acquaintances to relieve the monotony of the rounds of St. Petersburg life, by a few days' excursion in the country. At a later period of his history, he would probably have questioned whether an amusement more profitable in its character would not have been a more suitable recreation for him; but in the days of which we write, objections to such sports were limited to a somewhat narrow circle.

There is no need to record the result of the day's adventure, in braces and leashes or heads of game, nor to listen to the conversation of the wearied sportsmen, as they gather round their fine broiled fresh venison steaks, and unpack other cold roast

fowls, concluding the day, as they commenced it, with copious libations of creamless tea, the favourite beverage of Russia.

Then followed the preparation for the night's repose, the building up of the fire, the rolling up of the party in their blankets; the stillness of night in the wilds being broken occasionally by the short bark of the northern fox, or the low savage howl of the half-starved wolf, both of which, however, wisely keep their distance.

The cry of the wolf awoke Clifford, and it seemed to have had a similar effect upon his companions.

"If we had only brought a live pig with us from St. Petersburg," says one, rising on his elbow, and listening to the wolfish howl.

"No need for that," says the other; "Georgii is as good as a pig at any time."

Clifford wondered what it meant, and wherefore the poor forester was to be likened unto a pig; but he was too sleepy to push his inquiries, and, turning on his side, was soon buried in a deep slumber.

Not so it is, however, with his companions, who, shaking themselves from their blankets, and, buttoning up their fur coats to the chin, look out upon earth and sky, and then re-enter to rouse the forester, who, in his turn, rolls from his couch, grunts acquiescence with their directions, and leaves the hut to harness one of the horses to one of the sledges. A few minutes later, and the sledge is rapidly gliding over the hard snow-covered lagoon, freighted with the two huntsmen, Georgii, four guns loaded with ball, and a supply of ammunition.

The bustle of their departure once more rouses Penrhyn Clifford, who now, with another of his companions, is outside the hut; a grateful relief he feels it, from the stifling atmosphere within.

It wanted some hours of daylight; but the moon was near its full, and its bright beams glittered on the snow, and illuminated the atmosphere with a light little short of that of a cloudy day, and far more attractive. The surrounding wilderness had lost its black, bleak, and sterile aspect, and Clifford internally recanted the hard verdict he had been inclined to pronounce upon it at the close of his day's sport. While he looked, the sledge disappeared in the distance.

"Where are they gone in such a hurry? and what did they mean by wishing for a pig?" asked Clifford, turning to his yawning companion, with a tone of such earnest inquiry as changed the yawn into a laugh.

"You hear that dismal howl?" said he, as at that moment a distant cry, reverberating through the air, reached them. "Well, that is the noise a dog wolf makes when hungry; and our friends want to bag the gentleman, and borrow his skin, that is all."

"Oh! I understand; and the pig was to serve as a bait?"

"Exactly so; the brutes are astonishingly fond of pork, and will follow the sound of a squeak for miles."

"Then Georgii is to squeak, I suppose, and Cunningham and Donald are to shoot," said Clifford; "but suppose the wolves should be one too many for them. They hunt in packs, sometimes, do they not?"

"Well, in that case they will have to run for

it; but wolves are cowardly animals, and two good shots, with four guns, will do some considerable business with a pack of them. We shall see presently."

Two hours afterwards the wolf-hunters returned in high spirits, dragging after them on the snow the carcasses of two large beasts, which the forester soon divested of their skins; and then, after another hour's slumber in their blankets, the whole party again rose.

It was on the third day of their sojourn in the forest that Penrhyn Clifford, weary of the labour the pursuit of the previous day had involved, and not altogether so much satisfied with his occupation as his companions were, craved permission to remain in the hut, while his friends started on a distant excursion in search of some new variety of game. For a time—that is to say, for a few hours—he enjoyed the silence and solitude which reigned around him, and, stretching himself before the huge fire, which, since the party entered the hut, had not been suffered to die out, employed himself in reading a book he had had the forethought to slip into his pocket before leaving St. Petersburg. Before long, however, he was tired of this occupation, and, throwing his gun over his shoulder, he left the hut, and took his way across the frozen lagoon. He had entered into the scanty pine forest beyond, and had once or twice discharged his fowling-piece, without effect, when he became aware that the wilderness had other visitors besides himself and his companions. He heard, in short, the baying of dogs and the shouts of men; and perceived, at some distance, through the glades of the forest, some three or four horsemen, well accounted, attended by a number of men on foot, and several dogs of a larger species than those of his own party.

Our young traveller stood watching their movements till they had disappeared, and was slowly retracing his steps towards the more open space of the frozen lagoon, when a heavy footfall behind him, a crackling of the dead branches which strewed the ground and were partially concealed by the snow, and the sound of heavy breathing, caused him to turn his face, to see, at the distance of some score or two yards, a large black bear following his direct track!

Clifford had as much courage as most young men of his age, probably; but, slightly armed as he was, it conveys no particular reflection on our friend, that his first impulse was to quicken his pace to a run. A moment's reflection, however, told him that his two English legs would have but little chance in a race with the four legs of a Russian bear; and he sprang hastily aside to allow his unpleasant neighbour a wide berth.

For a moment, the huge animal seemed undecided on his tactics. He turned his eyes towards the solitary traveller, and opened wide his jaws, disclosing a double row of fangs, which, for whiteness, a belle might have envied; but he raised his ears also, and heard, as did Clifford, to his great relief, the sharp bark of dogs, and the hallo of huntsmen, in his rear—every moment more plainly; and hearing these, the animal quickened his pace, and left the young Englishman in peace.

It might be temerity, or fool-hardiness—which means the same thing—or vain-glory—which is

akin to it—or the ambition natural to one who is desirous of writing himself down *hunter*—or a laudable desire to rid the earth of a tyrant and destroyer—or it might be the thoughtlessness of youth, or the dazzling expectation of out-doing his leaders—or it might be that the shouts and deep-mouthed bayings of hunters and dogs behind him re-animated his courage—or, from whatever cause, the impulse seemed irresistible; and as Bruin passed within a few yards of his standing place, Clifford raised his gun to his shoulder, and, taking aim, pulled the trigger.

In another moment he had sufficiently urgent reason to repent his rashness. Stung by the discharge of small shot, which had barely power to penetrate his thick hide, and were very far from inflicting a mortal wound, the enraged animal instinctively turned upon his new enemy; and before Clifford had time to reload his gun—almost before he could think of any means of defence or escape—he found himself confronted by the monster, in the position which heralds would call *rampant*; and which, though pretty enough in a coat of arms, is sufficiently undesirable in nature, when the rampant animal is a bear measuring eight or ten feet from tail to snout, with outstretched paws, big as a dessert plate, and ornamented with five-inch horny claws, to say nothing of small, fiery, ferocious eyes, and of teeth and tusks of size and strength according with the aforesaid claws.

Instinctively, our young traveller retreated, showing as bold a front as he could put on, to his shaggy foe; instinctively, also, he shouted for help to the hunters, who were evidently close in pursuit of the animal; instinctively, too, as a last resort and forlorn hope, he raised his fowling-piece in the air, club-fashion, holding it by the barrel, resolved at any rate to prolong the defence as much as possible.

Fortunately, this movement was so well timed, and so effectually followed up—despair moving his arm with double strength—that a blow, which broke into splinters the strong stock of the gun, paralyzed also, for the moment, one of the animal's fore-legs, which were stretched out, and in the act of embracing the sportsman—we cannot call Clifford hunter, for he was, in this case, the hunted one. For the moment the bear was disappointed of his fatal hug, and for another moment our despairing hero held his enemy at bay. The conflict was too unequal to last, however; and a blow on the shoulder from the animal's enormous paw, which prostrated Penrhyn, and fearfully lacerated him as well, left him at the mercy of the brute; and another moment would have ended his life.

Rescue was at hand, however. Over Clifford's flickering senses came a feeble consciousness that the struggle was continued without his aid. He heard, as though not hearing, the sound of terrific growls and painful howls, mingled with shouts of men. Then a loud report as of fire-arms, a baffled and deathlike roar—another report, and another—and then a heavy fall. Next, he felt himself lifted carefully from the ground, while bending over him was a tall massive man, of handsome countenance, clouded with concern, in the ordinary dress of a native hunter. There was also a confused muttering of tongues; and among the few words he understood, were those of *Siatelstoo* and *Visot-*

chestoo—prince and highness. Then he fell back in a swoon, from which he did not recover until he found himself in Georgii's hut, stretched on a blanket—his coat removed, his torn arm dressed and bound up, and a strange moojik by his side.

Clifford had been long enough in Russia to be able to hold limited intercourse with the natives in their own language: and from his attendant he learned that he owed both his danger and his deliverance to the hunting party of Prince Potemkin, who had left St. Petersburg on the preceding night, had roused the bear from its winter retreat, and were in close pursuit of it when the solitary sportsman crossed its path. He further learned that the Prince himself had fired the ball which probably saved his life; and that by Potemkin's directions he had been conveyed to the hut, and had received such relief as could be rendered.

The return of his own party put a stop to the conference; and, without unnecessarily prolonging this chapter, we may briefly state that, on the following day, Clifford was conveyed to St. Petersburg, and had to pay, by some weeks' confinement to his chamber, the few days' acquaintance he had formed with Russian field-sports. During his illness the question would, however, more than once force itself on him, whether, if his life had been lost in the adventure we have detailed, he was prepared for the great future, and whether the recreation in which he was engaged was a desirable one in which to be found occupied when the summons to an eternal world came.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EASTER.

If we have detained our readers too long over the field adventures of our hero, they may be consoled by learning here, that these are the only adventures of the kind we intend to record. We turn now to other and more important matters.

During the time of Clifford's enforced seclusion, he received many visits from his friends and acquaintances in St. Petersburg; and among other visitors came his quondam fellow-passenger, Wilton, and Alexey Ivanoff.

The former was in high spirits. He had "taught the Russians a thing or two," he said, and had received many marks of personal favour from Count Alexis Orloff; so that he had reason to bless the day which had brought him under that nobleman's especial notice. The latest instance of this favour was in his promotion to a high position in the dock-yard at Kherson; and the object of his visit to the merchant's house was to acquaint his friends with his good fortune, and to take leave of them, before his departure to the opposite extremity of the empire.

Poor Alexey had a more sorrowful tale to tell, or rather to hear. Notwithstanding his magnanimous resolution to reject freedom—such freedom as can be made available to a Russian serf, if offered—while Natalia remained in slavery, his bosom had swelled with the second and calmer thoughts which the prospect engendered. Why—if he were once enfranchised—should he despair of effecting the liberty of Natalia? The same power which could procure the one, might also be exercised to obtain the other. He would—as a free-

man—appeal to the empress herself: he would purchase her favourable regards by such exertions of his art as would give to any request he might make, the virtue of a simple debt due to him by imperial justice, and for the glory of Russia; and then—

These air-built castles had been dashed to the ground. First of all, the painting which had been sold to the empress was returned to the painter, through the English merchant, with Catherine's commands for the remodelling of the unfortunate countenance of the wicked Ahab, which had given such offence in the palace; and next, Gilbert Penrhyn was informed that his petition on behalf of the serf-artist was peremptorily rejected; and an intimation was at the same time conveyed to him, that it would be more agreeable to the empress if thenceforward he would meddle less with the "*peculiar institutions*" of the country.

At the intimation, Gilbert smiled: at the rejection of his petition he sighed. "Put not your trust in princes," said he: "well and wisely is that written! Poor Alexey! I hoped to do you good; and lo! I have done you a fatal mischief."

"It matters not," said Ivanoff; "the poor serf is still your debtor, Mr. Penrhyn, for your kind intentions and wishes, as well as for innumerable benefits."

Penrhyn Clifford found an opportunity of privately asking the painter whether he had got rid of his *dvornik*, Paul.

"No, Gospodin Clifford; he is still with me, and I find him useful. Do not make yourself uneasy, however, on that subject, Mr. Penrhyn. As I told you before, the matter is entirely mine." Seeing that Alexey still retained his marked unwillingness to allow the subject to be pushed farther, Clifford did not attempt to continue the conversation.

Meanwhile, during the tedious weeks of our hero's enforced quiet, winter was slowly—very slowly, and, as one may say, reluctantly giving way. By the time he was pronounced convalescent, the days had lengthened by some hours, and the sun occasionally appeared, and emitted a few rays of genial warmth: more frequently, however, the atmosphere was moist with showers, now of snow, now of rain; and a few hours' thaw would be followed by a renewal of sharp, keen, biting wind from the north, and its accompanying frost. Nevertheless, winter *was* giving way; and the Neva, though still frost-bound, and likely to continue so for some weeks yet to come, was covered with porous ice, and began to be reckoned unsafe for sledges.

Easter was at hand; and Clifford intimated his desire to witness some of the ceremonies of the Russo-Greek Church on that festival.

"They are, as it seems to me, very foolish; I am afraid, they are rather profane also," said his uncle; "but there are, as I firmly believe, sincere Christians in the Greek Church, who think these ceremonies to be neither foolish nor profane; and it may be interesting and instructive to witness, for once, what our judgment cannot altogether approve. I will go with you, Pen."

Accordingly, towards midnight on Easter-eve, the merchant and Penrhyn Clifford proceeded on foot to one of the numerous churches of St.

Petersburg, and mingled with the spectators. On one or two occasions previously, Clifford had attended the ordinary service of the Greek Church, without much interest or edification: partly, it may be, that he understood little of the language in which it was performed; now, however, his curiosity was excited.

The interior of the building was lofty and spacious; and its walls were covered with pictures of all dimensions and all degrees of daubery. Before these were burning multitudes of wax candles; and each one, as it seemed to Clifford, had its own group of votaries, who, standing or kneeling around, were muttering prayers, and rapidly crossing themselves.

"The Greek Church repudiates the use of images, as idolatry," whispered Gilbert Penrhyn; "but you see it makes amends to its adherents, by allowing them as many painted saints as they please."

"A distinction without a difference, I should think, uncle," said Penrhyn; "they seem, at any rate, to be bowing down to them and worshipping them; and this seems to be something like idolatry."

"The priests would vainly tell you, Pen, that they do not worship, but only invoke the saints and angels, whom they call *bohgs*; and also that it is good to keep these pictures in churches and habitations, not only for ornament, but for the instruction of the ignorant, and so forth."

By this time the body of the church had become crowded with worshippers or spectators, the greater part of them in full dress, as for an evening party, and holding unlighted tapers in their hands. A dead silence seemed to have stricken the vast congregation, while behind the screen, which separated it from the sanctuary, proceeded the muttered sound of a solemn mass. At the conclusion of this, the screen was withdrawn, the doors of the sanctuary opened, and a priest clothed in a robe of white satin, richly embroidered with gold, appeared on the highest step of the altar, bestowing benediction on the people. Then, slowly descending, he approached a bier, like that Clifford had seen at the funeral of Feodora's father, and reverently raised the lid. A well-simulated look of astonishment and dismay covered his countenance, as he uttered the words—"He is not here;" and then retreating, followed by a procession of inferior priests, he disappeared, as though in search of the dead body of the Lord.

"This is surely very farcical," whispered Clifford to his uncle; "and yet there is something impressive in the awe-stricken looks of the performers, and the mysterious silence of the crowd."

"It is theatrical, at all events," said Gilbert, in the same low tone; "but it is not yet over;—listen!"

A sound of voices and the slow movement of many feet was heard, first in the recesses of the building, and then around the edifice.

"They are seeking for the body of the dead Saviour," said Gilbert; "a little longer and the performance will be over."

As he spoke, the procession reappeared, and the priests ranged themselves around their officiating superior, while he mounted again the highest step, and, turning to the people, cried in a loud voice—

"Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!"

Then arose a shout of passionate eagerness from the congregation, echoing and re-echoing the words, amidst, and mingled with, hysterical sobs. Sweet voices from the choir took up the chorus of joy, tapers were kindled, and swayed to and fro by the worshippers, till the whole interior of the building, from floor to ceiling, was one flood of light, while friend turned to friend, and neighbour to neighbour, embracing, kissing, weeping, smiling, and exclaiming, as with one voice—"Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!"

Excited but saddened with a spectacle which travestied the glorious gospel fact of the resurrection of the Lord of glory, the two Englishmen slowly made their way out of the crowd. In doing so, Clifford's attention was arrested by a light female figure, whom he recognised at once as Feodora.

MACAULAY AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

IN no part of his great work does Mr. Macaulay display more ability than in his portraits of the eminent men who were actors in English history during the era of the Revolution of 1688. We alluded in our last paper to the author's masterly exposition of the obligations under which our country lay to William III., as the great consolidator of English liberties. Here is the king's full-length picture, and that of the amiable partner of his throne. The notices of the enlargement of Hampton Court, with which it concludes, will interest our London readers, and invest with fresh attractions the apartments of that quaint old edifice.

"William was far better qualified to save a nation than to adorn a court. In the highest parts of statesmanship, he had no equal among his contemporaries. He had formed plans not inferior in grandeur and boldness to those of Richelieu, and had carried them into effect with a tact and wariness worthy of Mazarin. Two countries, the seats of civil liberty and of the Reformed Faith, had been preserved by his wisdom and courage from extreme perils. Holland he had delivered from foreign, and England from domestic foes. Obstacles apparently insurmountable had been interposed between him and the ends on which he was intent; and those obstacles his genius had turned into stepping-stones. Under his dexterous management the hereditary enemies of his house had helped him to mount a throne; and the persecutors of his religion had helped him to rescue his religion from persecution. Fleets and armies, collected to withstand him, had without a struggle submitted to his orders. Factions and sects, divided by mortal antipathies, had recognised him as their common head. Without carnage, without devastation, he had won a victory compared with which all the victories of Gustavus and Turenne were insignificant. In a few weeks he had changed the relative position of all the states in Europe, and had restored the equilibrium which the preponderance of one power had destroyed. Foreign nations did ample justice to his great qualities. In every Continental country where Protestant congregations met, fervent thanks were offered to God, who, from among the

progeny of his servants, Maurice, the deliverer of Germany, and William, the deliverer of Holland, had raised up a third deliverer, the wisest and mightiest of all. At Vienna, at Madrid, nay, at Rome, the valiant and sagacious heretic was held in honour as the chief of the great confederacy against the House of Bourbon; and even at Versailles the hatred which he inspired was largely mingled with admiration.

"Here he was less favourably judged. In truth, our ancestors saw him in the worst of all lights. By the French, the Germans, and the Italians, he was contemplated at such a distance that only what was great could be discerned, and that small blemishes were invisible. To the Dutch he was brought close: but he was himself a Dutchman. In his intercourse with them he was seen to the best advantage: he was perfectly at his ease with them; and from among them he had chosen his earliest and dearest friends. But to the English he appeared in a most unfortunate point of view. He was at once too near to them and too far from them. He lived among them, so that the smallest peculiarity of temper or manner could not escape their notice. Yet he lived apart from them, and was to the last a foreigner in speech, tastes, and habits.

"One of the chief functions of our sovereigns had long been to preside over the society of the capital. That function Charles II had performed with immense success. His easy bow, his good stories, his style of dancing and playing tennis, the sound of his cordial laugh, were familiar to all London. One day he was seen among the elms of Saint James's Park chatting with Dryden about poetry. Another day his arm was on Tom Durfey's shoulder; and his Majesty was taking a second, while his companion sang 'Phillida, Phillida,' or 'To horse, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horse.' James, with much less vivacity and good nature, was accessible, and, to people who did not cross him, civil. But of this sociableness William was entirely destitute. He seldom came forth from his closet; and, when he appeared in the public rooms, he stood among the crowd of courtiers and ladies, stern and abstracted, making no jest and smiling at none. His freezing look, his silence, the dry and concise answers which he uttered when he could keep silence no longer, disgusted noblemen and gentlemen who had been accustomed to be slapped on the back by their royal masters, called Jack or Harry, congratulated about race cups or rallied about actresses. The women missed the homage due to their sex. They observed that the King spoke in a somewhat imperious tone even to the wife to whom he owed so much, and whom he sincerely loved and esteemed. They were amused and shocked to see him, when the Princess Anne dined with him, and when the first green peas of the year were put on the table, devour the whole dish without offering a spoonful to her Royal Highness; and they pronounced that this great soldier and politician was no better than a Low Dutch bear.

"One misfortune, which was imputed to him as a crime, was his bad English. He spoke our language, but not well. His accent was foreign: his diction was inelegant; and his vocabulary seems to have been no larger than was necessary

for the transaction of business. To the difficulty which he felt in expressing himself, and to his consciousness that his pronunciation was bad, must be partly ascribed the taciturnity and the short answers which gave so much offence. Our literature he was incapable of enjoying or of understanding. He never once, during his whole reign, showed himself at the theatre. The poets who wrote Pindaric verses in his praise complained that their flights of sublimity were beyond his comprehension. Those who are acquainted with the panegyric odes of that age will perhaps be of opinion that he did not lose much by his ignorance.

"It is true that his wife did her best to supply what was wanting, and that she was excellently qualified to be the head of the Court. She was English by birth, and English also in her tastes and feelings. Her face was handsome, her port majestic, her temper sweet and lively, her manners affable and graceful. Her understanding, though very imperfectly cultivated, was quick. There was no want of feminine wit and shrewdness in her conversation; and her letters were so well expressed that they deserved to be well spelt. She took much pleasure in the lighter kinds of literature, and did something towards bringing books into fashion among ladies of quality. The stainless purity of her private life, and the strict attention which she paid to her religious duties, were the more respectable, because she was singularly free from censoriousness, and discouraged scandal as much as vice. In dislike of backbiting indeed she and her husband cordially agreed; but they showed their dislike in different and in very characteristic ways. William preserved profound silence, and gave the tale-bearer a look which, as was said by a person who had once encountered it, and who took good care never to encounter it again, made your story go back down your throat. Mary had a way of interrupting tattle about eloquence, duels, and play-debts, by asking the tattlers, very quietly yet significantly, whether they had ever read her favourite sermon, Doctor Tillotson's, on 'Evil Speaking.' Her charities were munificent and judicious; and, though she made no ostentatious display of them, it was known that she retrenched from her own state in order to relieve Protestants whom persecution had driven from France and Ireland, and who were starving in the garrets of London. So amiable was her conduct, that she was generally spoken of with esteem and tenderness by the most respectable of those who disapproved of the manner in which she had been raised to the throne, and even of those who refused to acknowledge her as Queen. In the Jacobite lampoons of that time, lampoons which, in virulence and malignity, far exceed anything that our age has produced, she was not often mentioned with severity. Indeed she sometimes expressed her surprise in finding that libellers who respected nothing else respected her name. God, she said, knew where her weakness lay. She was too sensitive to abuse and calumny; He had mercifully spared her a trial which was beyond her strength; and the best return which she could make to Him was to discountenance all malicious reflections on the characters of others. Assured that she possessed her husband's entire confidence and affection, she turned the edge of his sharp speeches some-

times by soft and sometimes by playful answers, and employed all the influence which she derived from her many pleasing qualities to gain the hearts of the people for him.

"If she had long continued to assemble round her the best society of London, it is probable that her kindness and courtesy would have done much to efface the unfavourable impression made by his stern and frigid demeanour. Unhappily, his physical infirmities made it impossible for him to reside at Whitehall. The air of Westminster, mingled with the fog of the river, which in spring tides overflowed the courts of his palace, with the smoke of seacoal from two hundred thousand chimneys, and with the fumes of all the filth which was then suffered to accumulate in the streets, was insupportable to him; for his lungs were weak, and his sense of smell exquisitely keen. His constitutional asthma made rapid progress. His physicians pronounced it impossible that he could live to the end of the year. His face, was so ghastly that he could hardly be recognised. Those who had to transact business with him were shocked to hear him gasping for breath, and coughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. His mind, strong as it was, sympathized with his body. His judgment was indeed as clear as ever. But there was, during some months, a perceptible relaxation of that energy by which he had been distinguished. Even his Dutch friends whispered that he was not the man that he had been at the Hague. It was absolutely necessary that he should quit London. He accordingly took up his residence in the purer air of Hampton Court. That mansion, begun by the magnificent Wolsey, was a fine specimen of the architecture which flourished in England under the first Tudors; but the apartments were not, according to the notions of the seventeenth century, well fitted for purposes of state. Our princes therefore had, since the Restoration, repaired thither seldom, and only when they wished to live for a time in retirement. As William purposed to make the deserted edifice his chief palace, it was necessary for him to build and to plant; nor was the necessity disagreeable to him. For he had, like most of his countrymen, a pleasure in decorating a country house; and next to hunting, though at a great interval, his favourite amusements were architecture and gardening. He had already created on a sandy heath in Guelders a paradise, which attracted multitudes of the curious from Holland and Westphalia. Mary had laid the first stone of the house. Bentinck had superintended the digging of the fishponds. There were cascades and grottoes, a spacious orangery, and an aviary which furnished Hondecoeter with numerous specimens of many-coloured plumage. The King, in his splendid banishment, pined for this favourite seat, and found some consolation in creating another Loo on the banks of the Thames. Soon a wide extent of ground was laid out in formal walks and parterres. Much idle ingenuity was employed in forming that intricate labyrinth of verdure which has puzzled and amused five generations of holiday visitors from London. Limes thirty years old were transplanted from neighbouring woods to shade the alleys. Artificial fountains spouted among the flower beds. A new court, not designed with the purest taste, but stately, spa-

cious, and commodious, rose under the direction of Wren. The wainscots were adorned with the rich and delicate carvings of Gibbons. The staircases were in a blaze with the glaring frescoes of Verrio. In every corner of the mansion appeared a profusion of gewgaws, not yet familiar to English eyes. Mary had acquired at the Hague a taste for the porcelain of China, and amused herself by forming at Hampton a vast collection of hideous images, and of vases on which houses, trees, bridges, and mandarins were depicted in outrageous defiance of all the laws of perspective. The fashion, a frivolous and inelegant fashion it must be owned, which was thus set by the amiable Queen, spread fast and wide. In a few years almost every great house in the kingdom contained a museum of these grotesque bangles. Even statesmen and generals were not ashamed to be renowned as judges of teapots and dragons; and satirists long continued to repeat that a fine lady valued her mottled green pottery quite as much as she valued her monkey, and much more than she valued her husband. But the new palace was embellished with works of art of a very different kind. A gallery was erected for the cartoons of Raphael. Those great pictures, then and still the finest on our side of the Alps, had been preserved by Cromwell from the fate which befell most of the other masterpieces in the collection of Charles I, but had been suffered to lie during many years nailed up in deal boxes. They were now brought forth from obscurity to be contemplated by artists with admiration and despair."

LETTERS FROM STOCKHOLM.

LETTER II.

At the beginning of November the leaves are yet green on the trees; the snow indeed often beats them off in their greenness. The terrors of a Swedish winter still appear to me traditional only. The heat of my rooms I find nearly insupportable, especially at night, when there is no fire in the room I sleep in; the source of the heat is mysterious, the adjoining sitting-room only being heated by a stove lighted once a day with a few logs of wood. These wondrously beautiful nights find me roving through the rooms, or gazing from my windows; the nights now are much clearer than the days—a much more suggestive, imaginative, and lovely light. But the horror that my night-walking excites among my Swedish friends is very great; their apprehension of cold is not, perhaps, so ridiculous as it appears to a foreigner to be. They tell me I shall be more sensitive when I am more naturalized: certainly the native of the freezing north seems to me now to be a much more chilly and cold-dreading being than that of the sunny south; and an Englishman here can walk abroad with his coat not even buttoned, when a Swede is wrapped in an immense cloak.

On the 16th of November, I saw the first snow fall in Sweden: it was late this year; what they call *bad* weather here, they also say is the weather of England. Even the king of Sweden, on a damp, rainy day, once said to me, "This is quite English weather." But certainly in Stockholm this autumn I had seen too much of "English



SLEDGING SCENE IN GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS'S SQUARE.

weather," and right glad I was at last to see, and even to feel, some of the Swedish. I hailed the first flake of snow that fluttered from the dark wintry sky. The next morning, what a scene met my view! No, it is not wonderful that the Swedes object to a "bare winter." The snow already lay deep; it would usually take some days snowing in England to make it so deep: the sun was bright, the sky beautifully clear, and all the young life of Stockholm had sprung up, even, I think, in old breasts. Why, the very dogs were rolling with rapture in the snow, imitating, perhaps, the example of the boys, who were doing the same. I stood watching, to my great amusement, the air of new life and energy suddenly diffused over the lovely scene before me, where every moving figure seemed to welcome the coming of a friend, in whose presence they rejoiced.

In the afternoon I heard a soft jingle of bells, but no sound of those horrid carts; I ran to the window, and saw a sledge coming from the country, where snow had evidently fallen before now. The noise and rattle of carts were heard no more; soft and quick went the sledges in their place. The tinkle of the bells, which the horses must carry, is rather pleasant than otherwise, particularly if small and soft toned, as they generally are.

The large square called Gustaf Adolf's Torg, with the statue of that heir of Protestantism in its centre, looks truly curious when its white space is traversed in all directions by these rapidly moving and rudely constructed sledges, the variety of tinkling bells rather confusing than forewarning the perplexed foot-goers. When the drivers see that I am frightened, they sometimes laugh, and sometimes take off their hats and make me a bow. I think the younger ones generally laugh, and the older bow; but if either killed me, I suppose they would do the same. Everything goes on sledges now: even butchers' boys, instead of labouring beneath their load, skim over the streets with it before them on a hand, or rather foot sledge, for they run, and push it forward, then mount on the pole behind and get a ride in return for a race, so long as the impetus lasts; and then descend and repeat it. Women draw sledges to market, children glide on small sledges down every slope; all kinds and descriptions of that vehicle are to be seen in motion, from the beautiful royal one with its splendid leopard skins, and net-covered and bell-ornamented horses, to the rudest and simplest inventions of industry and labour.

The cold has at length become intense: unlike English cold, there is something gigantic in its feel—so clear, so powerful, it is almost pleasant;

and the rooms are so very warm, you only know it is cold when you go on a stair, or passage, or feel the icy air. But these rooms cannot be healthful; it is no wonder that complaints of the lungs prevail in Sweden. It is curious to see the icied moustaches, or frightful beards, beginning to thaw in these hot apartments; and as no Swede would enter a room without depositing his galoshes outside it, I think they ought to have an air-proof covering for these appendages also, which they could remove on coming into the house.

On the 20th of this month, there was what is termed "The Artists' and Literary Soirée;" that is, a sort of entertainment given for the benefit of poor artists and authors—not quite so numerous a class here as in London. The tickets of admission were 1s. 6d. each. The whole royal family were present, as they are, indeed, at almost everything of this kind. There was a little of everything got together by way of entertainment; first a lecture, read by a clergyman; then a song by one of our English opera singers; then the royal party adjourned to a very small and mean little room, to look at some common-place pictures by their artistical subjects, and all the spectators that could cram in crowded after them; and the kind Queen Dowager went about with her lithe French manner, and her glass in her hand, saying, "Tout-à-fait charmant," to everything. Her Majesty has not patronised the Swedish tongue any more than her husband did; the late king never learned Swedish, and she does not yet speak a word of it.

Art has certainly not made great advances in Sweden; Byström, Sergell, and Fogelberg rank highly there as statuaries; but it is not to admire either sculpture or painting that one visits this land of the north.

No one—that is, with ladies—must walk in Stockholm at night without a lantern. If the night is as bright as, perhaps much brighter than, the day, that teasing, dazzling light must be carried before you. "It is the custom," says my hostess; "it is not proper to go without a lantern." I think I never felt cold so chillingly penetrating as it was while waiting in the unwarmed hall for this lantern to make its appearance. When we came out on the snowy hill whereon the assembly rooms stand, the sight there to be seen was more curious than any we had paid for seeing—to a stranger at least. Many covered sledges were in waiting with their footmen, each holding a lantern; but the royal one was attended by an outrider on a spirited horse, holding a flaming turpentine torch, the long streaming blaze of which was singularly in keeping with the wolf-skin capped and cloaked coachman, the wide-spread snowy prospect, and the numerous bells of the restless horses. And when the burning sparks caused the rider's horse to prance about, and flung the blaze of the brand hither and thither over the snow-covered ground, I was so delighted with the uncommon effect, that my Swedish companions complimented me on a politeness which they supposed made me pretend to be pleased with a climate I must find so inclement.

Another exhibition which I saw at the close of this exceedingly cold month, was a more curious one: it was that of a bride: not a Swedish wedding in the old-fashioned style; this, which is now sel-

dom to be seen, and only among the lower classes, I saw afterwards; but the exhibition to which I refer is one that always takes place, and which must take place, in the case of every bride of every rank.

Having heard that a young lady whose parents occupy the same house as myself was to be married, I expressed a desire to my old countess-housekeeper to see the ceremony.

"That you cannot do," she replied; "for none but the relations will be present."

"I am sorry for it; I should like to see a Swedish bride."

"That you can easily do."

"How? at the church?"

"Nay, our brides do not go to church; that is too public: our ladies are very modest, Madame."

This was very like a hint; but, not desiring another trial of "Sweden *versus* England," I only asked how, then, was I to see the bride.

"She will show herself, and you can see her as well as any one else."

"I do not understand."

"No? it appears to me quite simple; but, as you may not know our customs, it is right to explain them, for you will be expected to conform to them. Our brides must always show themselves when they are dressed; the people in the streets might tear down the house else: for when a marriage is to take place it is announced from the pulpits: the people know of it, and come to the house to see the bride. When she is dressed for the ceremony, she must then stand at the window, or, if it is a ground floor, she may stand in the *salong*, leaving the doors open, so that whoever likes may come in to the door, or stand before the window, and look at her. It is fatiguing, certainly, for she may have to stand an hour, two hours, or just so long as there are people to look at her. They do not like it; but it is our custom."

My desire, as a foreigner, to witness this exhibition, was made known to the family of the betrothed, and I received an invitation to accompany my hostess to her apartments, or house, as it is called in Sweden.

At seven o'clock in the evening we descended the great stone stairs to the bride's vining, or what is in Scotland called, I believe, a flat. There are no morning marriages in this country. We found the entrance crowded with people of both sexes, but almost all of the lower classes. We passed through the *salong*—another barbarized French word meaning *salon*—a large room used for eating and for entertainments—and in the inner one, comfortably furnished and carpeted, we were served with tea and cakes; my hostess said it should have been wine; but perhaps the tea was a compliment to the English stranger. Soon afterwards two gentlemen passed through this room, bearing each a great silver branch candlestick, with three lighted candles in each. They only bowed to us as invited visitors, and entered the adjoining room, where the bride had been making her toilet. Almost immediately they returned, walking more slowly side by side, and carrying aloft the six lighted candles; and behind them walked the poor bride, attired in white watered silk—the prohibited silk—with a crown of natural myrtle on her head. Behind her again came three

bridesmaids in the usual pink tartelaine dresses. She took her place, or her stand, in the centre of the *salong*, just before the open door, and the crowd of faces which appeared at it, and through it. The marshals stood on each side, raising and lowering the six lights so as to show off her dress, or herself, to the people, who stood pressing forward at the door, or within and outside it.

A Swedish crowd is almost always quiet and well-behaved. The bride was pale as the robe she wore. She played with the bouquet she held; her fingers seemed to tremble among the flowers. When she had stood some minutes facing the gazers she turned her back to them, and the lights again moved up and down; and as the gazers changed, she had to change also. They looked quietly, decently, almost reverently at her. There was an expression of pity on most of the women's faces. A little boy stepped forward and gave her a flower. Thus did she stand for an hour and a half, until no more gazers came to look at her. I have been told that formerly persons who bore malice to the bride used to go in masks, on such occasions, to annoy her, and that impertinent persons still sometimes did so. The latter I cannot believe, for it seems quite contrary to the usual habits and manners of the Swedes on all such or similar occasions.

"And to go to church to be married your brides consider too public?" I said to my patriotic old hostess, as we re-ascended the stairs. "Ours do so in England; they are married in church, and do not show themselves to the public at home."

"Ah! but those droll English! they are quite unlike the Swedes," she replied.

"Quite so," I rejoined, assentingly.

"Our brides," she continued, as if satisfied that I conceded the fact of our being quite unlike, "*our* brides are very modest."

"Yet this exhibition must be painful."

"Yes; but it is our custom. To-morrow the young couple will give a great dinner; they must do that, because all their friends will be curious to see how they manage their housekeeping."

THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

"GARRAWAY'S."

CHANGE ALLEY, which leads, by a short but rather devious and intricate route, from Lombard Street to Cornhill, has a history of its own, which, if it could be faithfully chronicled, would record some most extraordinary instances of human industry, activity, enterprise, and prosperity, on the one hand—and of dishonesty, treachery, and delusion on the other. So far back as two hundred years ago, this confined and central spot was the nucleus of the financial transactions and of the rising commerce of England. It owed in a great measure its popularity among men of business to the conveniences it offered them in the three great coffee-houses, Robins's, Jonathan's, and Garway's, where the then new and luxurious beverages of coffee and tea were always at hand for refreshment, and where private subscription-rooms were set apart for consultation and the transaction of affairs. Of these three coffee-

houses, Robins's was the resort of the foreign speculators, merchants, bankers, and money-changers; Jonathan's was the retreat of the stock-brokers, and closed, like the Stock Exchange of the present day, against non-subscribers; and Garway's, since called, for what reason does not appear, Garraway's, was the rendezvous of numbers of the upper classes, whom Mr. Garway was the first person in England to regale with tea, then a most expensive luxury.

Thomas Garway was by profession a tobacconist; but being an enterprising man, he added the fragrant Chinese leaf to his stock in trade, and became the first tea-dealer that London ever saw. Before his time, tea had been sold at the price of six to ten guineas a pound by the importers, who made a mystery of their transactions, and sold it only by stealth as a great favour. He was the first shopkeeper who offered it to the general public, and he not only sold it by weight at from sixteen to fifty shillings a pound, but dispensed it largely in the shape of an infusion under the name of "tea drink," to the company who frequented his coffee-house to drink it. His shop-bill, which has come down to us, informs us that "very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality" resorted to his house for that purpose, and that he was in the habit of supplying them with the leaf for their private use.

It is likely that Thomas Garway had vanished from the world long before Change Alley became the central focus of the great Mississippi delusion; at any rate, by that time "Garway's" had been changed, in popular parlance, into "Garraway's," and the coffee-house had grown into a degree of importance it had not assumed before, and was the resort of a legion of infatuated speculators, all hoping and expecting to become suddenly rich by Law's captivating scheme.

In Ward's celebrated picture, which the reader may see among the Vernon collection in Marlborough House, the scene which the Change Alley of that day presented is characteristically portrayed, and in a most masterly style. The place, although since materially altered, is not so much changed but that the locality may be still recognised. Among those who rushed in flocks to pluck the fruit of the golden tree which was destined to change into bitter ashes, was the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, who invested five thousand pounds in the bubble, and lost it all—consoling himself with the remark, that it was but mounting so many pairs of stairs, and he should recover his capital again. A good story, the scene of which is Garraway's coffee-house, is told of that dry humourist. A certain Dr. Hannes, a pretentious physician pushing for a practice, had instructed his footman to inquire everywhere for Dr. Hannes, in order to spread the notion that he, the doctor, was in immense request. The man performed his part to admiration—stopping every fine carriage that he met, and inquiring anxiously whether it contained Dr. Hannes—then rushing into taverns and assembly-rooms, and shouting his name as though life and death depended on finding him. One day the fellow burst into Garraway's upper room, where Dr. Radcliffe was sitting, and shouted as usual for Dr. Hannes. "Who wants him?" asked Radcliffe.

"My lords So-and-so, and So-and-so, and So-and-so," said the man.

"No, no, my good fellow," said Radcliffe, "you are mistaken: it is Hannes who wants those lords."

Thus much must suffice at present for reminiscences of the early days of Master Garway's coffee-house, and the notable and ever-memorable Change Alley in which it is situated. We have neither space nor inclination to ferret out and record all the changes which Garway's has undergone, from the days when "The Spectator" was a struggling periodical to the present time. When it first began to flourish as an auction-mart for the sale of substantial properties, we are not precisely aware. It stands on record, however, in the "Tatler," that auctions were part of its business, and that French wines were knocked down there at the price of £20 a hogshead, or about six shillings a gallon—a state of things which, for the sake of the temperance cause, we should be glad to see revived in our own day.

On approaching Garway's in this present year of ours, 1856, with a view to a glance at what is going forward now, we find Change Alley a comparatively cool, quiet, and secluded spot, retired from the hum of the multitude and the din of wheels. Garway's stands yet where it has stood so long, at one of the many corners which characterise the tortuous series of avenues of which the old Alley forms a part; but it is no longer a coffee-house in the old and literal sense. The house itself is remarkably unpretentious in aspect, approaching to the dingy, and would cut no figure at all were it not that, on the day we visit it, its exterior has been converted into an al-fresco picture-gallery, and covered to the height of some ten feet with landscapes, dog-pieces, and portraits, of a very humble order of merit, exposed for sale by a wandering artist, who takes up his rest, when he is weary, at any hospitable nook which, like the sheltered corner of Garway's, offers the opportunity for an exhibition of his wares.

The eastern front of the building exhibits a gallery of a different kind, consisting of a quire or two at least of placards in bold type, advertising to that portion of mankind who have money to invest, the sales which will take place within for a month to come. The property to be disposed of comprises lands, tenements, freeholds, leaseholds and copyholds, reversions, annuities, bonds, timber felled and unfelled, and various other items more or less substantial and speculative. Several of the sales, we remark, are appointed to take place on the same day, and one, consisting of a London suburban estate of houses at a pepper-corn-rent for four-score years, is about to commence in a few minutes. The money-making faces begin to defile past us as we stand conning the announcements, and already we hear the tramp of feet gathering in the room above.

We enter with the rest, and, leaving the bar to our right, ascend at the heels of a well-known city bidder, to the auction-room, which a notice at the foot of the stairs informs us is the second room to the left. The place is small, and bears no resemblance to an ordinary auction-room; in fact, one would rather take it for a lecture-room of a professor and his private class. There are seats for

forty to fifty visitors, and between the seats are long narrow tables, supplied with pens and ink. There is a rostrum at one end, and by its side are desks for the use of the owner, or his agent or lawyer, whose property is to be sold. The agent is already in his place, and is busy in answering questions of intending bidders as to particulars not set down in the catalogue or the conditions of sale; but the auctioneer has not yet appeared. We remark that nearly all assembled have passed the middle age of life; and we know the face of your well-to-do man of the world well enough to be aware that most of them too are conscious of a comfortable account at the banker's. Still there are some exceptions in either category—young men, and men not young, upon whom fortune has not smiled, and struggling men whose energies are their fortune, and who look for no success which they shall not achieve for themselves. The room is nearly full, and sonorous with the crackle of papers and buzz of talk, when the auctioneer makes his appearance. He loses no time, but after a brief word to the agent, proceeds to address the audience, which he does with praiseworthy tact and terseness, hardly to be excelled. The property, he tells them, is of a kind rarely brought under the hammer—is unrivalled as an investment, the title being unimpeachable—the buildings nearly all new, and the ground-rent nominal. He then proceeds to read the conditions of sale, upon which he animadverts at considerable length, questions the agent, and gives explanations as they are demanded by individuals among the company. These preliminaries being all settled, the first lot is put up to competition, and in the course of a few minutes is knocked down for eight hundred guineas.

We have accidentally taken a seat by the side of a man of about five-and-forty, whose flattened thumb-nails and horny hands tell us 'hat he gains his living by manual labour. As the sale goes on, and one lot after another is knocked down, he gets into a state of nervous excitement, which he has not the power to suppress. He wriggles on his seat—he opens and shuts his catalogue—he rises to his feet and drops down again abashed by the number of eyes turned upon him—he pulls out a canvas bag, and then buttons it again in his breast pocket—he pretends to make a memorandum—then he fixes a suspicious glance upon us, as though we were an enemy, and plainly has misgivings about us. What these are we at length learn; for, unable to contain himself any longer, he asks us anxiously what lot we are going to bid for, and is wonderfully calmed when he hears that we shall not bid against him. But now the lot on which all his anxieties are centred is put up in its turn. Somebody bids two hundred, on which our friend advances ten; and it goes on climbing up by tens, our friend nodding alternately, till it has risen to three hundred, by which time he is dripping with perspiration, and the big drops sparkle on his brown face. Still he has the spirit to advance by tens, and at last the lot is his at three hundred and seventy. He beams a broad smile and heaves a deep sigh together, as he rises and sidles to the desk to pay the deposit money of ten per cent. His canvas bag is quite collapsed when he returns, but he sits down with such an expression of happi-

ness on his hard features as one rarely sees in this unsympathizing London. In the fulness of his heart he can't hold his tongue, but proceeds to tell us that he has bought the house that he has lived in for nineteen years, during which he had paid its value twice over in rent. "I've worked, and my wife and boys have worked, night and day to scrape up the money—and *won't* they be glad!" The man dug his hard knuckles into his eyes, and buried his face in a cotton handkerchief, and laughed mechanically, while the honest tears brimmed over among the crow's-feet that time had printed on his cheeks.

A dozen lots made up the sale, which was over in an hour and a half; and then the bidders resorted in a body to the counter, where the refreshment was doubly acceptable after the hot close atmosphere of the sale-room. On passing out, we beheld our friend of the canvas bag in antagonistic treaty with the wandering artist for one of Peter Pammel's slap-dash landscapes. He had made choice of a monstrous moonlight, a seductive mixture of chalk and blue-bag, with a wide staircase of reflected light in the water—and was cheapening it valiantly with the vendor. We could only hope that he had exercised more judgment in the purchase of his house, than in the selection of the picture that was to adorn its walls.

THE LIFE OF A SNAIL.

"CAN there be anything to interest, amuse, or instruct, connected with the history of a snail?" may, not improbably, be the exclamation, mental or expressed, of many whose eye glances at the heading of this paper. Herein the reader must be left to form his own conclusions; yet we cannot help anticipating a favourable verdict.

As it is customary for the writers of the lives of characters rendered famous by their good or ill deeds, to commence with a detail of circumstances attaching to the earliest period of the existence of their heroes—to their advance from the cradle to boyhood, and thence onward through the stages of their career—so, we shall not, in our narrative, depart from this time-honoured rule. At the outset, however, it must be confessed that a snail has, so to speak, less of an individual life than a hero; that is, the routine of one snail's life is that of another, which cannot be said of those who figure on the stage of human strife and turmoil. Hence we must speak of the snail collectively, since what applies to a single individual, setting accidents aside, applies to the whole race.

Let us, then, premise that it is of the garden snail (*Helix aspersa*) that we shall chiefly treat, not without allusion to others, however—as the common belted snail of the hedgerow bank, and the edible snail, originally introduced from Italy into certain spots of our island.

No doubt some of our readers, while turning up the mould of the garden with a spade, have brought to light a cluster of round pellucid eggs, consisting of some hundreds, each about the size of sparrow-shot, of a clear horny or whitish colour, and with a glossy surface. Often has the inquiry been made of us, as to the nature of these singular pellet-like bodies, of which the observer

could form no certain conjecture; and great has been his surprise, not untinged with a feeling of vexation, to learn that they were the eggs of that annoyance to the gardener, the snail; for the increase of which, in such multitudes as these egg-hoards promised, they were not prepared. The impossibility of extirpating these pests in the garden was at once appreciated, and the difficulty of keeping them within numerical bounds acknowledged. No wonder at their increase, when each snail lays hundreds of eggs!

It is in the later months of summer that the garden snail sets about the business of egg-laying, and it displays no trifling measure of instinct in its mode of operation. It searches for a convenient spot, under the edge of a stone, amidst the crevices of artificial rock-work, about the roots of bushes, under the shelter of old walls, or in out-of-the-way corners where refuse vegetable matter is cast aside; and then, having fixed upon the exact site, it commences its labours. Spreading out its body, so as to extend the space of its foot, or disc, by means of the vermicular working of the muscles, it throws out the soil, so as to heap it up on each side; it thus forms beneath its body a sort of pit or hollow, into which it sinks, and this more and more deeply as the earth is more and more removed from beneath it, until not only the body, but even a portion of the shell is covered. This earth is moistened by the mucous exudation which is abundantly poured out, and, thus tempered, serves as a covering for the eggs. When a sufficient depth, perhaps an inch or more, is attained, the eggs are deposited and covered up, the snail, by means of the muscular action of the disc, returning the earth to the spot whence it had been dislodged. When all is over, the snail crawls away, and seeks a place of rest. Old empty flower pots are favourite places of resort; and there attaching itself, it rests housed in its shell.

The eggs, thus carefully stored, remain during the winter, and even until spring has considerably advanced, without any perceptible alteration. But the genial rains and the warm sun rays soon call into activity the vital germ within. It increases, it moves, and ere long the minute mollusk is already invested with a filmy fragile transparent shell, the product of its own secretion. The young now emerge from their prison, and creep about in search of food, and often collect in great numbers on the underside of the leaves of their favourite plants. As yet, and for some time, even after they have considerably increased in size, the shell is very brittle and thin, especially along the edge of the opening, where it breaks down under the slightest touch. But this accident is of no consequence, for the mischief is soon repaired and the edge advanced. It is, in fact, by this advance of the edge that the shell grows in proportion to the growth of the mollusk.*

* A few observations as to the mode in which the shell is formed may interest the more scientific portion of our readers. The shell in mollusks, whether bivalve, as the mussel, or univalve, as the periwinkle, whelk, and common snail, is the product of a membranous expansion, termed the *mantle*. Confining ourselves to the snail, we shall find, on removing it from its whorled shell, that the whole of the spiral part, which is deeply lodged in the higher whorls, is invested with a thin membrane, the mantle. Now the interior part of this mantle, covering what may be called the back of the mollusk, is considerably thickened, swelling into what is termed the *collar*;

The garden snail is a choice feeder; it is epicurean, and at the same time voracious in its appetite, and will travel far, though at a leisurely pace, in quest of delicacies. It is fond of succulent vegetables, and, as we can testify, of the cactus; and we have seen fine healthy plants in greenhouses seriously disfigured by its ravages. During last winter, a fine cactus kept in a warm room and exposed to the light, attracted our attention by the irregular incisions along the edges of the leaves (if we may so call them), as if cut with a pair of scissors. On close examination, we thought we saw marks of a snail's track, and, on searching, found concealed on the plant two small snails—products of the preceding summer—which had effected all the vexatious mischief. These snails had been carried indoors, concealed upon the plant, in the autumn; they revived before their usual time, under the action of warmth and moisture, and commenced their depredations. Some years ago, a few choice cactus plants, kept in a small greenhouse, suffered in the autumn, and even during the greater part of a mild sunny winter, in the same manner. We mention this circumstance, because we think that it is not generally known, and may lead amateurs of plants of this tribe to look over them from time to time while placed in a conservatory during the autumn, and even the winter.

Of the fondness of the snail for strawberries, peaches, nectarines, cucumbers, etc., nothing need be said. We may observe, however, that their ravages are carried on chiefly during the night; for during the middle of the day, especially in dry weather, they take their siesta. Those who are acquainted with the habits of snails in a garden, cannot but have observed how numbers are simultaneously attracted towards any delicacy within their powers of attainment. We cannot doubt that the snail is thus directed rather by the sense of smell than of sight; for the sphere of its vision seems very limited. At the same time, we are in ignorance as to the precise organ in which this sense is situated. It may reside in the mouth, conjointly with taste, or be diffused conjointly with feeling over the whole surface of the body; nor, when we consider that some creatures, low in the scale of being, feel light, and yet are in-

and this portion is provided with glands or cells of extreme minuteness, some for the secretion of a colouring pigment, others for that of lime, mixed with gelatine, for the growth of the shell. It is the smooth thin portion of the mantle that secretes the nacre, which lines most shells, and is, in many bivalves, so beautiful. This is termed *mother of pearl*. The true growth of the shell is then effected by the addition of successive layers around the edge of the opening. But why is the shell whorled? If we look at a common freshwater shell, called the *planorbis* (from its flatness and circular shape), we shall find that the coils are made all upon the same plane. In this case, the collar of the mantle acts equally to the upper edge of the opening, so that the shell turns upon its axis without becoming spiral; but when, as in the garden snail and others, the mantle is so formed as to produce a preponderance of secretion, laterally as well as forwards, then a spiral or turbinated shell will be the result.

Now, if we take the shell of a garden snail, or of any of its relatives, as the belted or the edible snail, in our hand, we shall find that the turns of the whorl are directed from left to right, and this results from the situation of the heart and great bloodvessels, relatively to the shell; they are placed on the left, and render the left portion of the collar more active than the right. It secretes more abundantly, so as to influence the direction of the whorl from the left to the right. Occasionally we see the whorls taking a contrary direction—the situation of the heart and the figure of the body being reversed, or abnormal. Such shells, turning from right to left, are termed *sinistral*; but they are rarely to be met with.

sensible to pain, would it be surprising that the aromatic essence of fruits, etc., should in like manner be appreciated.

With regard to sight and taste, we may observe that in the garden snail and its allies, the two black eyes are seated each on the top of the two larger horns; the two shorter horns being exclusively feelers. These four horns are capable of being drawn within the body in the same inverted manner as the finger of a glove, when drawn into its palm; in the same manner, by muscular action, they are protruded and everted. In aquatic snails, the situation of the eyes and the number of the horns are different.

The snail not only tastes, but bites and subdivides its food. Its mouth is placed on the under part of its head, and is provided, on what we may term the palate, with a horny plate, the lower edge of which is free, and extremely sharp like the edge of a minute chisel. The opposite part, or floor of the mouth, is provided with a small gristly tongue, adapted by its action for transferring the food into the gullet, as the knife of the palate is for cutting into soft fruits worked against it by the action of the lips.

A celebrated writer, the late Mr. Roscoe of Liverpool, in a humorous little poem for children ("The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast") says, if our memory fail us not:—

"With pace most majestic the snail did advance,
And proffer'd the party a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed."

These lines lead us to consider two points in the history of a garden snail. Its mode of progression and its hybernation.

Snails, and indeed all the molluscous tenants of univalve shells, are termed *gastropods*, from two Greek words, meaning creatures whose under surface performs the service of a foot. It is upon its under surface that the slimy snail crawls along. This portion, when the animal is fairly protruded, is flat, and on being examined will be found to consist of a tissue of delicate muscular fibres, regularly arranged, in different directions. It is by the action of these muscles that progression is effected, which, if slow, is steady and persevering; so that the snail, although carrying its house upon its back, gets over more ground than might at first seem possible. The action or working of these muscles bring to mind those of the little but multitudinous limbs of a millepede, or of the ribs of a snake, and may be easily seen when the animal crawls over a clean pane of glass.

It once happened that a snail, thus traversing the window of a drawing-room, caused the glass so to vibrate as to give out a perceptible musical sound. A lady heard this, and listened; she fancied she had made a discovery; she attributed the music to the snail itself, forgetting that wet fingers can draw out tones from bell-shaped glasses, and actually sent a communication on the musical powers of the snail to one of the scientific journals. It was inserted, with the addition of a series of caustic remarks by the editor, who, instead of kindly pointing out the error of her deduction, and the true cause of the "music," showered upon her a torrent of undeserved sarcasm.

The snail belongs to hibernating creatures. In intertropical regions, the land snail, like the snake and other reptiles, retires and sleeps during the hot dry season, to revive on the setting in of the rainy months. In our country it retreats on the approach of winter to its place of shelter, and there, contracted within its shell, becomes inanimate. Yet, even in our climate, during seasons of drought and heat, the snail seeks refuge, glues up the opening of its shell, and sinks into a torpidity from which the welcome showers restore it.

The mode in which the garden snail prepares for hibernation is very simple. It seeks a sheltered spot, amidst stones, timber, or garden pots, in outhouses, under palings, etc. It then attaches its shell by the margin to the chosen surface, having previously moistened it with glue. This done, it spreads a thin drum of the same material over the whole of the opening, which causes a still more secure adhesion. As this hardens, it slightly draws itself back, and spreads over the latter another layer, then another and another, till the membrane is of the requisite thickness. It now draws itself back to the utmost, and remains quiescent till spring, when it moistens the edges of the closing membrane, disengages its previously fixed shell, protrudes itself, and slowly crawls away.

In the edible snail (*Helix pomatia*), which buries itself in autumn under moss, grass, and dead leaves, making by means of its foot a deep excavation in the ground for the reception of the shell, the process is different. Having completed the excavation, mixing at the same time a quantity of mucus (which flows abundantly from its foot) with the turned-up particles of earth, it changes its position so as to place the mouth of the shell uppermost. It then adds the dome or covering, by drawing together particles of earth, similarly tempered, so that the sides and roof of the cell are both smooth and compact. This is a work of time and labour. Continuing in the same position, the foot is now contracted within the shell; but the collar of the mantle is protruded, and secretes a film of thick cream-like mucus across the opening, like a drum. This film soon hardens, or sets like plaster-of-paris. In a few hours the animal again contracts, expelling the air into the fore part of the shell. It now forms another layer of mucus, at a little distance beyond the first, and when this has set, it retires still farther, and forms another partition, then a third, a fourth, and even a fifth, the intermediate places being filled with air. Thus the edible snail effectually blocks itself up, after a labour of two or three days. This takes place in October. In April the snail revives, and bursts its gates asunder. This is also a gradual process. After pressing open the last formed barrier, it breathes the air of the chamber, and rests. It then forces the next barrier, and takes in still more air, and so on, till it arrives at the external gate, which is stronger and more calcareous than the others. Here it employs the whole strength of its foot, and the obstruction gives way at its most obtuse angle. It then insinuates the edge of its foot through the breach thus effected. The work is soon finished, and the prisoner is free.

We may here observe that the edible snail is rare in England, and to be found only in a few

localities. We have taken it about the lime-pits at Dorking, and have heard that it is plentiful around Horsham in Kent. In our country, snails are not used as food, although they are sometimes taken by delicate or consumptive persons, in consideration of their nutritive qualities. That we should feel any repugnance towards these mollusks, seeing that oysters, whelks, and periwinkles are acceptable, is the more surprising, as on many parts of the continent the edible species is a common article of diet. Snails, indeed, formed a favourite dish among the ancient Romans; they were fattened in pens or *cochelarea*, upon meal boiled in new wine, and were thus sometimes brought to an enormous size. *Escargatoires*, or snaileries, for fattening these creatures, are still in use on the continent.

Setting man aside, snails have many natural enemies, by whose operation their numbers are greatly kept under. Their eggs, and even young snails themselves, are eaten by carnivorous insects, among which we may enumerate the larva of the glow-worm. Birds also contribute their share in the work; nor is it uninteresting to watch the thrush or blackbird on the lawn, intent upon the extrication of the snail from its shell, ingenuity being conjoined with perseverance. These birds often resort to chosen quiet spots under the shelter of bushes or hedges, to which they convey their captives, and where they leave the empty shells, which in a short time accumulate into a considerable hoard. We have found such a collection of the edible snail-shells, the strong side of each, on the lowest or next whorl, having been fractured by the blows of the bird's beak, or by the bird hammering the shell against a stone. The garden snails, especially while young, and the belted snail, are managed with much less difficulty. On the chalk hill near Caversham (Reading) we have found the empty shells of a beautiful small terrestrial snail (*Cyclostoma elegans*), clustered together in little hoards, under tufts of herbage, but we are not certain that the tenants had been forcibly ejected.

Tranquil and noiseless is the tenor of the snail's existence. It roams abroad, and eats, and lays its eggs during the summer, and heeds not the grumblings of the gardener, nor anticipates the attacks of the birds. Its enjoyments are limited, its desires few and simple, and in the winter even these are suspended, for it is then inert, torpid, and dead to every sensation. If it displays some curious results of an instinctive principle, it is destitute of those qualities which render so many animals attractive. It may exhibit a degree of personal fear and shrink from the touch; but it knows neither anger nor resentment. It indulges in no freaks of playfulness—there is nothing of the kitten in its disposition: but if not playful, it is neither vain, nor proud, nor ambitious. It is a compound of negatives; and herein it is the representative of a class of beings of a very high order, whose life, like that of the snail, is passed in doing little, in thinking less, in forgetfulness of the past, and in carelessness as to the future, provided only that the sordid desires of the present may be gratified, and that without care or trouble. It is only when these are prostrated that they manifest sensitiveness.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL, ON THE OBSTACLES THAT RETARD THE PROMOTION OF RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

GIDDY THOUGHTLESSNESS.

THERE is a race of giddy thoughtless men and women, of young men and young women more especially, who look no further than the next day, the next week, the next month; seldom or ever so far as the next year. Present pleasure is every thing with them. The sports of the day, the amusements of the evening, entertainments and diversions, occupy all their concern; and so long as these can be supplied in succession, so long as they can go from one diversion to another, their minds remain in a state of perfect indifference to everything except their pleasures. Now what chance has religion with such dispositions as these? Yet these dispositions, begun in early life, and favoured by circumstances, that is, by affluence and health, cleave to a man's character much beyond the period of life in which they might seem to be excusable. Excusable did I say? I ought rather to have said that they are contrary to reason and duty, in every condition and at every period of life. Even in youth they are built upon falsehood and folly. Young persons, as well as old, find that things do actually come to pass. Evils and mischiefs, which they regarded as distant, as out of their view, as beyond the line and reach of their preparations or their concern, come, they find, to be actually felt. They find that nothing is done by slighting them beforehand; for, however neglected or despised, perhaps ridiculed and derided, they come not only to be things present, but the very things, and the only things, about which their anxiety is employed; become serious things indeed, as being the things which now make them wretched and miserable. Therefore a man must learn to be affected by events which appear to lie at some distance, before he will be seriously affected by religion.

WORLDLY MINDEDNESS.

THE general course of education is much against religious seriousness, even without those who conduct education foreseeing or intending any such effect. Many of us are brought up with this world set before us, and nothing else. Whatever promotes this world's prosperity is praised; whatever hurts and obstructs and prejudices this world's prosperity is blamed; and there all praise and censure end. We see mankind about us in motion and action, but all these motions and actions directed to worldly objects. We hear their conversation, but it is all the same way. And this is what we see and hear from the first. The views which are continually placed before our eyes, regard this life alone and its interests. Can it then be wondered at that an early worldly-mindedness is bred in our hearts, so strong as to shut out heavenly-mindedness entirely?

SENSUALITY.

THERE is another adversary to oppose, much more formidable; and that is sensuality—an addiction to sensual pleasures. It is the flesh which lusteth against the spirit; that is the war which is waged within us. So it is, no matter what may be the cause, that sensual indulgences, over and above their proper criminality, as sins, as offences against God's commands, have a specific effect upon the heart of man in destroying the religious principle within him; or still more surely in preventing the formation of that principle. It either induces an open profaneness of conversation and behaviour, which scorns and contemns religion; a kind of profligacy, which rejects and sets at nought the whole thing; or it brings upon the heart an averseness to the subject, a fixed dislike and reluctance to enter upon its concerns in any way whatever. The heart is rendered unsusceptible of religious impressions, incapable of a serious regard to religion. And this effect belongs to sins of sensuality more than to other sins. It is a consequence which almost universally follows from them.

LEVITY.

A cause which has a strong tendency to destroy religious seriousness, and which almost infallibly prevents its formation and growth in young minds, is levity in conversation upon religious subjects, or upon subjects connected with religion. Whether we regard the practice with respect to those who use it, or to those who hear it, it is

highly to be blamed, and is productive of great mischief. In those who use it, it amounts almost to a proof that they are destitute of religious seriousness. The principle itself is destroyed in them, or was never formed in them. Upon those who hear, its effect is this: If they have concern about religion, and the disposition towards religion which they ought to have, and which we signify by the word *seriousness*, they will be inwardly shocked and offended by the levity with which they hear it treated. They will, as it were, resent such treatment of a subject, which by them has always been thought upon with awe and dread and veneration. But the pain with which they were at first affected goes off by hearing frequently the same sort of language; and then they will be almost sure, if they examine the state of their minds as to religion, to feel a change, in themselves for the worse. There is the danger to which those are exposed, who had before imbibed serious impressions. Those who had not, will be prevented, by such sort of conversation, from ever imbibing them at all; so that its influence is in all cases pernicious.

RELIGION NO FOE TO ENJOYMENT.

IT has been objected, that so much regard, or, as the objectors would call it, over-regard for religion, is inconsistent with the interest and welfare of our families, and with success and prosperity in our worldly affairs. I believe that there is very little ground for this objection in fact, and even as the world goes; in reason and principle there is none. A Christian divides his time between the duties of religion, the calls of business, and those quiet relaxations which may be innocently allowed to his circumstances and condition, and which will be chiefly in his family or amongst a few friends. In this plan of life there is no confusion or interference of its parts; and unless a man be given to sloth and laziness, which are what religion condemns, he will find time enough for them all. This calm system may not be sufficient for that unceasing eagerness, hurry, and anxiety about worldly affairs, in which some men pass their lives; but it is sufficient for everything which reasonable prudence requires; and it is perfectly consistent with usefulness in our stations, which is a main point. Indeed, compare the hours which serious persons spend in religious exercises and meditations, with the hours which the thoughtless and irreligious spend in idleness and vice and expensive diversions, and you will perceive on which side of the comparison the advantage lies, even in this view of the subject.

IN addition to the above, there exists another prejudice against religious seriousness, arising from a notion very commonly entertained, viz. that religion leads to gloom and melancholy. This notion, I am convinced, is a mistake. Some persons are constitutionally subject to melancholy, which is as much a disease in them, as the ague is a disease; and it may happen that such men's melancholy shall fall upon religious ideas, as it may upon any other subject which seizes their distempered imagination. But this is not religion leading to melancholy. Or it sometimes is the case that men are brought to a sense of religion by calamity and affliction, which produce, at the same time, depression of spirits. But neither here is religion the cause of this distress or dejection, or to be blamed for it. These cases being excepted, the very reverse of what is alleged against religion is the truth. No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest purely for conscience' sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence or diversion or company can do for them. And a succession and course of such actions and self-denials, springing from a religious principle and manfully maintained, is the best possible course that can be followed as a remedy for sinkings and oppressions of this kind. Can it then be true, that religion leads to melancholy? Occasional arise to every man living, to many very severe, as well as repeated occasions, in which the hopes of religion are the only stay that is left him. Godly men have that within them which cheers and comforts them in their saddest hours; ungodly men have that which strikes their heart, like a dagger, in its gayest moments. Godly men discover, that is, at is very true, but what, by most men, is found out too late, namely, that a good conscience, and the hope of our Creator's final favour and acceptance, are the only solid happiness to be attained in this world.—*Paley.*